

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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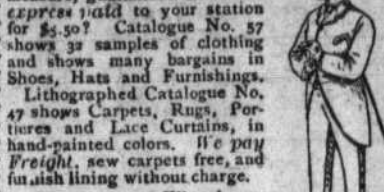
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AN INVOCATION.

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Come 'long, Mister Springtime—
Don't you fool about!
Sen' erlong some sunshine
Ter coax de blossoms out!

Come 'long, Mister Springtime—
'Cross de snowbank white;
De sunflower los' de candle—
He want ter see de light!

Come 'long, Mister Springtime—
Make de blossoms fall;
Take yo' stan', en kiss yo' han',
En say, "Good mawnin', all!"

XIX.

County Sketches.

THE RIVALS.

It seemed very strange to Tom Donovan, who had just cast his first vote for the county candidates in that fine, discriminating

way the Donovans were noted for, that he and Mr Eugene Beardsley should be going to see the same girl, and both wanting to get her, too, the worst kind.

Beardsley was thirty-five, and Tom could remember when he was running barefooted seeing him escorting the young ladies of the neighborhood home from church or driving them about the country roads behind his fine double team. In fact he could not remember the time when Eugene Beardsley was not a general utility man in society, always to be counted on to act as groomsmen at weddings, or to make one of a requisite number of dancing men at a party. He always had a lot of nice clothes and could conduct himself in society so coolly. He thought nothing of waiting at the church door and asking a young lady for the pleasure of escorting her home, stepping up maybe before several young men who had nerved themselves to do the same, which to them was a desperate deed in very fact. Mike Bradley had carried the image of Miss Carrie Skaggs in his heart for months and he felt that he must branch out as a society man, not for the sake of being in society, but for the winning of Miss Skaggs.

All week as he plowed the long furrows he fixed his resolve that next Sunday night come what might after preaching he would boldly step up to Miss Skaggs when she came forth from the church and say to her, "Will you accept of my company home?" Something told him that it would be all right with her, but on that Sunday night his breath came short and his throat felt dry, for that was a mighty advance for him to make. His angel appeared and someone stepped down before; it was Eugene Beardsley. The old campaigner had sized up his rival and with a deftness that comes from long experience had anticipated Mike by half a second and carried off his divinity. Mike went home raging and being of the kind who are not to be repulsed he laid his plans not to be outdone the next Sunday.

He was suffering from timidity on that occasion, but he did not see Beardsley, and just as he was hesitating to cross the Rubicon his hated rival approached Miss Skaggs and with the ease of much experience had asked for her company. That young lady must have been doing some planning of her own, for she replied sweetly: "I have an engagement with Mr Bradley," and Mike took her home and found out it was all right; and by Thanksgiving there was the Bradley-Skaggs wedding when there were over four hundred eat at Timothy Skaggs' and fully as many at Hugh Bradley's.

Beardsley saw the girls he had courted passing for middle-aged women absorbed in the cares of a farm house and a numerous, growing family. When he was tiding about the county last campaign electioneering for an office he did not get he saw a pretty woman sitting in the front porch of a tasteful cottage putting patches on a small boys pants, and the young-

ster who was having his trousers fixed up as he waited, was sitting in a tub having a good time talking to mother. He remembered the last time he had seen her she had pinned a button-hole bouquet on his coat saying, "The violet's my flower."

Men he could consider his contemporaries in society, who had once been rivals of his, were grey and bearded, and some of them would soon be dreaded papas of beautiful marriageable daughters. Some people imagined that Eugene Beardsley was not married because he was not a marrying man. But he knew better than that, as did a score or so of young women each of whom he had at different times seriously contemplated making his wife. He carried his defeats well, and called himself gaily an old bachelor, but he never attempted to deceive himself. He wanted to get married and he knew it, and he not infrequently groaned to himself when communing with his inmost soul: "Them I want I can't get; them that I can get the devil would n't have." And so he did not consider his bachelorship a sinecure. His position as the owner of a good farm, a member of a good family, his manners, good clothes, and nice horses made him acquainted with a class of girls none of whom had cared to marry him. The truth is he was not much of a man. There was a smallness about him that made itself felt by his associates, and neither women nor men of the right stamp cared to class him as a valued friend.

Tom Donovan was a business man. He was running his mother's farm which was to be his some day, and he was absorbed in his daily duties. But a fate has provided that for nearly every such man there is a reward in the shape of a good wife, and Tom had felt a call to go in and win the pretty daughter of Joshua Jenkins. He had, therefore, lately been grooming his horse with extra care, provided the steed with a new saddle and bridle and martingales, bought new clothes, top boots, spurs, cowhide, several neckties, let his mustache grow, shaved carefully and often, and passed successfully through the several degrees, and became a society man.

Jennie Jenkins was the proper girl for him. Everyone was agreed on that point. She was a good housekeeper. What her father would leave her would suit very well with Tom's possessions. Jennie was a little out of the common order of girls of the section in that she was very fond of reading, and many a wonderful romance did she devour. She had her ideals, and while she liked Tom and knew he would make a fine man, he did not quite come up to kind of man of whom she had dreamed. When he presumed in his letter to quote from the common stock of lovers, "The rose is red," &c., she was not moved deeply by the sentiment as most of the girls would have been when addressed to them in a *bona fide* love letter.

For a hundred years laborious hands had scrawled with painful slowness on the page:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

The swain had been surprised at his own temerity, and his sweet-heart had treasured that letter as being tantamount to a declaration. Jennie, however, had thought it extremely silly in poor Tom, who had written those daring lines in the usual good faith.

No one knew how the race for the girl would come out. People discussed it widely and took sides; some thought youth and good looks would win out for Tom; others that wealth and experience would make Beardsley the lucky man. Eugene Beardsley was making the courtship of his life, and Tom was not the man to remain idle. Each called alternate Saturday nights and each spent much time over his correspondence. Emily Appleton, who liked Tom and who disliked Eugene, and who was the next friend and confidant of Jennie Jenkins, found out that

Beardsley was gaining ground by reason of his writing such beautiful letters. Jennie had shown her some of those loving epistles, and Emily, knowing Beardsley so well had her own opinion of them. Jennie seemed to like to read them over and over again.

When Emily saw Tom she said: "Gene Beardsley is outwitting you all to pieces, and I will give you a tip. I'm satisfied that he has a Letter Writer. You get one like it and mail it to Jennie."

That was not practicable, not knowing what letter-writer he could have, if any, so on the Saturday night when the faultless Eugene was calling at the Jenkins' Tom was doing some burglar work at Jenkin's home, and found the book, "Hanson's Complete Letter-Writer," with hundreds of forms; there were letters of congratulation and letters of condolence; and for every occasion; but it was especially rich in letters of love. There were whole series, commencing with those formal, respectful words to be first used, and warming up through the course of the correspondence until they were replete with words of deepest love. It seemed that some great heart, having lavished worlds of tenderness on the object of his affection, had passed his thoughts along for use when failure or success had made them no longer necessary.

Tom mailed the book to his sweetheart, and in so doing did the best day's work of his life. Beardsley found his form-book gone. After many hours of patient toil he produced a letter which compared in length very favorably with the ones he had been writing, but whereas they dealt with his feelings and the kind of fire that sizzled in his bosom, this one was anything but analytical of such inside facts. He exhausted the news as he had heard it, told about his cattle, and it is said copied portions of some of his deeds, and finally reached the eighth page and signed up the epistle.

His answer sealed his fate:

"MR EUGENE BEARDSLEY:

Your last letter was so different from what you have written me that my mama thinks I should not correspond with you any longer. I am so sorry that you mislaid your letter-book, for while you "do not wear your heart upon your sleeve" you have told me (from page 60) how you "heard a dove cooing in the wood, and that is the way your heart cried out," &c. And then you know (page 61) "life is like a winding river ever flowing onward, and that far away is another river coming to meet it and the two shall go on hand in hand." Then there is the tale of the violets in the wood (page 72) and how the gentleman violet kissed the lady violet. I think such beautiful stories are much nicer than writing to me about cattle being so high, and I was n't a bit interested in the details of the butchering of that beef. I liked to hear about your horse jumping over the fence into the meadow better, but it is n't as nice as that story (page 81) about the temple in China where they have kept the sacred fire burning for so many years, and that your daily thoughts keep the fire of love blazing in your heart, and I am the priestess that keeps the fire burning. I showed the letter to mama, and she says that some of those Chinese temples are mighty old and maybe you was like them. Now Mr Beardsley, papa says you have been using somebody else's thunder and that he do n't think you ought to come here any more. I do n't want any second-hand love letters. I am n't no second hand girl. And you can either put ashes on that fire, or let it burn.

"JENNIE JENKINS."

Married: By the Rev M. A. Church-mouse, at the bride's father's, October 26th, Mr Thomas Donovan and Miss Jennie Jenkins, only daughter of Joshua Jenkins, Esq. After the marriage ceremony was performed more than two hundred guests sat down to a sumptuous repast such as Mrs Jenkins only knows how to get up, and in the evening fully as many assembled at the home of the groom, where the tables fairly groaned underneath the weight of good things.

EXPERIENCE.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

The world was made when a man was born.

He must taste for himself the forbidden springs.

He can never take warning from old-fashioned things.

He must fight as a boy; he must drink as a youth.

He must kiss, he must love; he must swear to the truth.

Of the friend of his soul. He must laugh to scorn.

The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes. That are clear as the wells of paradise.

And as he goes on till the world grows old:

Till his tongue his grown cautious, his heart has grown cold;

Till the smile leaves his mouth and the ring leaves his laugh,

And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff.

He grows formal with men and with women polite,

And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight.

Then he eats for his palate and drinks for his head,

And loves for his pleasure—and it is time he were dead.

THE MAJESTY OF CALMNESS

Calmness is the rarest quality in human life. It is the poise of a great nature, in harmony with itself and its ideals. Calmness is the moral atmosphere of a life self-centered, self-reliant and self-controlled. Calmness is singleness of purpose, absolute confidence and and conscious power, ready to be focused in an instant to meet any crisis.

The Sphinx is not a true type of calmness,—petrification is not calmness. That is death, the silencing of all the energies; while no one lives his life more fully, more consciously than the man who is calm.

The Fatalist is not calm. He is the coward slave of his environment; he is hopelessly surrendering to his present condition, recklessly indifferent to his future. He accepts his life as a rudderless ship drifting on the ocean of time. He has no compass, no chart, no known port to which he is sailing. His self-confessed inferiority to all nature is shown in his existence of constant surrender. It is not calmness.

The man who is calm has his course in life clearly marked on his chart. His hand is ever on the helm. Storm, fog, night, tempest, danger, hidden reefs,—he is ever prepared and ready for them. He is made calm and serene by the realization that in these crises of his voyage he need a clear mind and a cool head, that he has naught to do but to do each day the best he can by the light he has; that he will never flinch or falter for a moment; that, though he may have to tack and leave his course for a time, he will never drift, he will get back into the true channel, he will ever keep headed toward his harbor. When he will react it, how he will reach it, matters not to him. He rests in calmness, knowing he has done his best. If his best seem to be overthrown or overruled, then he must bow his head,—in calmness. To no man is permitted to know the future of his life, the finality. God commits to man ever only new beginnings, new wisdom and new days to the best of his knowledge.

Calmness comes ever from within. It is the peace and restfulness of the depths of our nature. The fury of storm and of wind agitate only the surface of the sea; they can penetrate only two or three hundred feet,—below that is the calm, untroubled deep. To be ready for the great crises of life we must learn calmness in our daily living. Calmness is the crown of self-control. When the worries and cares of the day fret you, and begin to wear upon you, and you chafe under the friction,—be calm. Stop, rest for a moment, and let calmness and peace assert themselves. If you let these irritating outside influences get the better of you, you are confessing your inferiority to them, by permitting them to dominate you. Study the disturbing elements, each by itself, bring all the will power of your nature to bear upon them, and you will find that they will, one by one, vanish into nothingness, like va-

pors fading before the sun. The glow of calmness that will then pervade your mind, the tingling sensation of an inflow of new strength, may be to you the beginning of the revelation of the supreme calmness that is possible for you. Then, in some great hour of your life, when you stand face to face with some awful trial, when the structure of your ambition and life-work crumbles in a moment, you will be brave. You can then fold your arms calmly, look out undismayed and undaunted upon the ashes of your hope, upon the wreck of what you have faithfully built, and with firm voice you may say: "So let it be—I will build again."

When the tongue of malice and slander, the persecution of inferiority, tempts you for just a moment to retaliate, when for a moment you forget yourself so far as to hunger for revenge,—be calm. When the gray heron is pursued by its enemy the eagle it does not run to escape; it remains calm, takes a dignified stand, and waits quietly facing the enemy unmoved. With the terrific force with which the eagle makes its attack, the boasted king of birds is often impaled and run through on the quiet, lance-like bill of the heron. The means that man takes to kill another's character becomes suicide of his own.

No man in the world ever attempted to injure another without being injured in return—somehow, somehow, sometime. The only weapon of offense that nature seems to recognize is the boomerang. Nature keep her books admirably; she puts down every item, she closes all accounts finally, but she does not always balance her books at the end of the month. To the man who is calm revenge is so far beneath him that he can not reach it, even by stooping. When injured he does not retaliate; he wraps around him the royal robes of Calmness, and he goes quietly on his way.

When the hand of Death touches some one we hold dearest, paralyzes our energy, and eclipses the sun of our life, the calmness that has been accumulating in long years becomes in a moment our refuge, our reserve strength.

Thin most subtle of all temptations is the seeming success of the wicked. It requires moral courage to see without flinching material prosperity coming to men who are dishonest; to see politicians rise into prominence, power, and wealth by trickery and corruption; to see virtue in rags and vice in velvets, to see ignorance at a premium and knowledge at a discount. To the man who is really calm these puzzles of life do not appeal. He is living his life as best he can; he is not worrying about the problems of justice, whose solution must be left to Omniscience to solve.

When man has developed the spirit of calmness until it becomes so absolutely a part of him that his very presence radiates it, he has made great progress in life. Calmness can not be acquired of itself and by itself; it must come as the culmination of a series of virtues. What the world needs and what individuals need is a higher standard of living, a great realizing sense of the privilege and dignity of life, a higher and nobler conception of individuality.

With this great sense of calmness permeating an individual, man becomes able to retire more into himself, away from the noise, the confusion and strife of the world, which come to his ears only as faint faroff rumblings, or as the babble of the life of a city heard only as a buzzing hum by a man in a balloon.

The man who is calm does not selfishly isolate himself from the world, for he is intensely interested in all that concerns the welfare of humanity. His calmness is but a Holy of Holies into which he can retire from the world to get strength to live in the world. He realizes that the full glory of individuality, the crowning of his self-control,—the majesty of calmness.—WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, in The Saturday Evening Post.

AN IMMENSE RIVER.

The river system of the Plata, or of the Rio de la Plata, is one of the most wonderful in the world. The volume of the stream is greater than that of the Mississippi. It is surpassed only by the Amazon. It drains a basin of more than half as big as the whole United States, and one which in fertility of soil and salubrity of climate is only surpassed by the basin of the Mississippi, and it is a question whether it has not more cultivated territory. Upon it tens of millions of sheep and cattle are pastured, and its wheat fields compete with ours in the markets of Europe. It has the most extensive plains of the globe, and it is a vast expanse of fairly good land.

It is a white man's country. The basin of the Amazon is tropical and malarious. That of the Plata is largely in the temperate zone. Its northern parts are like Louisiana or Florida, and in the south the summer climate is as temperate as that of our Middle States.

It is the Mississippi basin reversed, the source of its rivers being in the hot country where there are coffee and sugar lands and rubber trees, and its mouth in the rather cool lands of Uruguay and the Argentine, noted for their fields of wheat and corn.

The vast basin is formed in the shape of a great horseshoe, with the opening toward the Atlantic, the Andes and the strip of highlands which crosses Brazil form the back and upper rim of the shoe, while the slightly sloping plains of Patagonia bound it on the south. In it are included the best of the Argentine, all of Uruguay and Paraguay and large portions of Brazil and Bolivia. The most it has been built up by the Parana or Rio de la Plata system, and today these rivers are still at their great work of earth building.

You see this plainly in the Rio de la Plata proper. It is more a great bay of liquid mud than a river. It is 120 wide at the Atlantic and narrows down to 29 miles at Buenos Ayres, which is 180 miles inland. The width at Montevideo is about 65 miles. The Rio de la Plata is so full of silt or mud that it discolors the Atlantic for many miles out at sea.

We noticed the change in the color of the ocean long before we entered its mouth, and the water seemed to grow thicker as we sailed to Buenos Ayres. The channel is fast filling up with a sandy mud, and the Eads jetty system is proposed. As it is now, the rivers bring down a quarter of a million tons of mud a day, and the sediment is so great that all the water used by Buenos Ayres is filtered by the city.—Pittsburg Despatch.

Drunken Man's Luck.

Mitchell Peters, a Shawana Indian, is a living witness of a drunk man's luck.

Peters was one of a driving crew that broke a big jam above Sturgeon Falls, Wisconsin. He made the desperate attempt of trying to cross the river on a log and was carried over the falls. The falls are 40 feet high and consist of two pitches and a rapid. Peters was given up for dead, and the driving crew thought it useless to search the river for his body, as the logs were piling over the falls at a fast rate.

Imagine the surprise of all when Peters walked into camp the next morning for breakfast. Some thought it was his ghost until he was in their midst. He had been swept down the river by the rushing water and up against the river bank, and he managed to crawl out and went to sleep. A few scratches on his head were the only injuries sustained.

The Sturgeon Falls is one of the most treacherous places in the Menominee River region, and a few years ago three girls were swept over in a boat and drowned.—New York Sun.

Nearly as Bad as an Octopus.

"I see there is some criticism because one of the new Congressmen has three wives."

"Why should there be?"

"They claim he is controlled by a syndicate.—Selected.

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